

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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## The House in which Rousseau was born.



A MAN of a more wayward genius than Jean Jacques Rousseau, perhaps never existed, and yet that he possessed genius of a high order will not be disputed by any one in the least acquainted with his works. Geneva, once a flourishing republic, and one of the first free states that adopted the reformation, and now the principal city in Switzerland, gave birth to Rousseau, in the year 1711, and the above engraving is a view of the house in which his father, a respectable watchmaker, lived, and where he was born.

Geneva has long been celebrated for the education of youth, having a public school and university in which there are generally about a thousand students. It possesses a public library, a botanic garden, and several individuals have collections of natural history, to which students are readily admitted. Hence Geneva has produced many men of talent, among whom, independent of Rousseau, we may enumerate Tronchin, Saussure, the first traveller who ascended Mont Blanc, and is called the "Father of the Alps," Bonnet, Burlamagni, Mallet de

Pan, M. Necker, the minister to Louis XVI., his daughter, the celebrated Madame de Staël, Berenger, Picot, Pictet, and Sismondi, the living author of a "History of the Literature of the South of Europe," which has been very well translated by Mr. Thomas Roscoe.

The life of Rousseau was a checkered one; he was apprenticed to an engraver, from whom he ran away, he lived some time as a servant, and afterwards supported himself by copying music: he, however, neglected no opportunity of improving his mind, and became so distinguished by his works that in 1791 his remains were translated with great pomp to the church of St. Genevieve (then the Pantheon) and on the sarcophagus containing his ashes, was the following inscription:—

"Ici repose l'homme de la nature et de la vérité."

We do not here propose to give a memoir of Rousseau which we may be tempted to do hereafter, we shall therefore only remark that he died in July 1778, and conclude with two anecdotes

of him, for which we confess ourselves indebted to the *Percy Anecdotes*.

Among other persons of literary eminence who were pensioned by his late majesty, George the Third, in the early part of his reign, was the celebrated Rousseau; but his majesty, on making the grant, insisted that the matter should not be made public, which was intended as a peculiar mark of respect for that wayward and extraordinary character. The philosopher of Geneva, however, after having gratefully accepted the favour, and returned his thanks for the manner in which it was bestowed, returned it on quarrelling with his friend, David Hume. He did this however in a manner which plainly indicated a desire to keep the grant, provided he was courted to it; but having once declined the royal bounty, it was not thought proper to make the monarch a suppliant to an adventurer. Madame de Staël, in her extravagant panegyric on Rousseau, has most absurdly praised him for refusing a pension from the king of England; without however stating the particulars of the story, or noticing the excessive meanness of her hero, who actually endeavoured to get the pension renewed when it was too late. Rousseau, however, bore testimony to the virtues of his majesty. "It was not," said he, "the great monarch whom I reverence, but the good husband, the good father, the virtuous, the benevolent man."

The end of Rousseau, with some eccentricity, had much in it of the sublime. He is represented to have addressed his wife, a few minutes before his death in these words:—"Be so good as to open the windows, that I may have the pleasure of seeing once more the verdure of that field. How beautiful it is! how pure the air! how serene the sky! what grandeur and magnificence in the aspect of nature—Look at that sun, whose smiling aspect seems to call me hence! There is my God—God himself; who opens to me the bosom of his paternal goodness, and invites me to taste and enjoy, at last that eternal and unutterable tranquillity, which I have so long and so ardently panted after!"

#### A SUNDAY AT BOULOGNE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

RESTLESSNESS, which forms an active part of the character of most men, induced me to wander a little beyond the "white cliffs of Albion," and pass a few days at Boulogne, and then to wish myself back again to my native soil; such being the love of curiosity, that, however

the previous anticipation may be fulfilled, the appetite soon becomes glutted, and the same spirit of *change* again manifests itself. But, Mr. Editor, my object at the present moment is merely to relate one or two facts connected with the manner in which the inhabitants of Boulogne spend their *Sundays*. I had previously heard that religious ceremony ceased at sun-set, and that after that hour entertainments of the theatre and dancing commenced; from which I drew the conclusion, that the Sabbath was held in some veneration,—a conclusion I now find perfectly erroneous; indeed, were I to speak what I think, I should feel inclined to say, that the only difference existing between their Sundays and other days, is to be found in this, that on the Sunday the garden for dancing is opened—that the theatre is opened—that the drinking-rooms (or, as some would say, *Café Chinois*) are crowded to excess—that various games, after the style of English nine pins, and a species of *bagatelle*, are played at; while on other days some places are closed, and those that are open are empty. This, as I have already observed, appears to be the only manifest difference, which insinuates, that Sunday is not only a day of labour like other days, but also one of pleasure. How far this may be consistent I shall not now contend; suffice to say, that it appears a little strange for an Englishman to see such amusements, religious exercises, and manual labour jumbled together on the Sabbath.

Their churches, which are plain, meagre, white-washed buildings, not equal either to those at Calais or Paris, are open all day, so that those persons who are desirous of repeating their prayers, are at liberty to walk in and take down their chair (chairs being the only seats used, and those of the most common description, which are placed upon one another by hundreds in various corners of the church), exercise their devotional powers, and retire; and that it is no novel sight there to see a labourer at his prayers with tools under his arms, either returning from or proceeding to work. Shipbuilders, too, are to be found at their employment; indeed, without enumerating further, the shops are all open, trading vehicles are in motion, and articles of merchandise are purchased with as much facility as on any other day.

It is a lamentable truth, that the labouring women of Boulogne, and of France generally, are degraded beyond all idea by their various employments. Frenchmen should recollect, that women are the sweet solace of man's life, whose duties were never intended to extend to

the performance of *manual labour*, and that *man*, and *man only*, should labour by "the sweat of his brow." How disgusting is the common practice of seeing women yoked like so many cattle, dragging to the custom-house a sort of cart loaded with luggage, belonging to the various foreign vessels that arrive in their harbour. After this laborious employment, they work like common porters until the arrival of the owners of the luggage, and then convey it to their residences. This is not the only laborious employment women are subjected to. A number of them are constantly engaged in bringing large buckets of sand from the sea-shore, a task beyond the strength of many Englishmen; and all this on the day of rest, *Sunday*. To use the expression of a female resident, "France is a Paradise for men, and a hell for women."

I have stated on Sundays their theatre and garden for dancing (*champetre*) are open. It may not be, perhaps, extending this article too much, to say that their theatre is of the most wretched character. The well-known private theatre in Berwick-street is as much superior to it as Covent-garden theatre is to that in Berwick-street; indeed, it ought to be known by no other name than the theatrical barn. Their performances certainly appear none of the worst; but their management is tiresome, as I did not once witness a change of scenery in one evening; by the bye, I did not stop longer than *half an hour* at one time. Their principal dancing gardens are of a very inferior character, much below all our common tea-gardens, and at an immeasurable distance from those of Paris.

Yours, &c.

August 8, 1825.

A. B. C.

### THE FOUR REASONS; OR, THE ACTOR'S APPEAL.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following lines were spoken at the Royalty Theatre by a performer at his benefit in February last. In imitation of Mrs. Siddons's example at Bath, about thirty years ago, he produced his children as his *reasons* for soliciting the public favour. If you think them worthy of a place in your miscellany, they are much at your service.

AMICUS.

Northampton-square, July, 1825.

WAKEN at the splendid ball or festive treat  
The wealthy host invites his friends to meet,  
No need has he to fear their hesitation,  
Nor offer reasons for his invitation;  
The joys, the grandeur of the expected *fête*,  
Superfluous render every artful bait.  
"We come, we come," cries each delighted elf,  
The host may keep his reasons to himself."

K 2

But, ah! with me, who boast nor *fête* nor ball,  
No sumptuous banquet nor illumina'd hall,  
How different is the case with me to-night,  
Who my kind friends with promises invite,  
To give them REASONS FOUR why thus I dare  
To ask their presence at my humble fare!

Reason the first, stand forth! (*the eldest son enters*), a goodly boy,  
The father's pride, a mother's anxious joy!  
Come in, my second reason! (*the eldest girl enters*); do I hear

Th' enlivening plaudit and benignant cheer?  
Enter a third! (*the second son enters*), more  
tender still in years—

And now my last (*the youngest child enters*),  
not least in love, appears.

These are the *reasons*, these the motives keen,  
That urge my efforts in this toilsome scene;  
And, if I know our frame, they stand confest  
In every husband's, every parent's breast.

### A COMPARISON.

It was ev'ning's bright ray  
That gilded the sky,  
And the last spark of day  
Blush'd a deep crimson dye.

Yet it glow'd but awhile,  
And its beauty soon fled,  
For its lovely soft smile  
Was with darkness o'erspread.

I then thought on the beam  
That hope sheds o'er the breast,  
Like this fast fleeting gleam  
Gliding on to the west.

For when hope has departed,  
The deep shades of woe  
Fill the soul, from whence started  
Her last ev'ning glow.

H. S.

### ORIGIN OF FRUITS, &c. IN ENGLAND.

(For the Mirror.)

"See various trees their various fruits produce,  
Some for delightful taste, and some for use;  
See sprouting plants enrich the plain and wood,  
For physic some, and some design'd for food;  
See fragrant flowers, with different colours dy'd,  
On smiling meads unfold their gaudy pride."

Blackmore on the Creation.

IN the reign of Elizabeth, Edmund Grindall, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, transplanted here the tamarisk. Oranges were brought here by one of the Carcw family. To Sir Walter Raleigh we are indebted for that useful root, the potatoe. Sir Anthony Ashley first planted cabbages in this country. The fig trees planted by Cardinal Pole, in the reign of Henry VIII. are still standing at Lambeth. Sir Richard Weston first brought clover grass into England in 1645. The mulberry is a native of Persia, and is said to have been introduced in 1576. The almond was introduced in 1570, and

came from the east. The chestnut is a native of the South of Europe. The walnut is a native of Persia, but the time of its introduction is unknown. The apricot came from America about 1562. The plum is a native of Asia, and was imported in Europe by the Crusaders; and the damascene takes its name from the city of Damascus. The alpine strawberry was first cultivated in the king's garden in 1760. The peach is a native of Persia. The nectarine was first introduced about 1562. Cherries are said to have come originally from Cerasus, a city of Cappadocia, from which Lucullus brought them into Italy, and they were introduced into Britain about the year 53.\* It appears that they were commonly sold in the streets in the time of Lydgate who mentions them in his poem called *Lickpenny*.

\* Hot pescode own began to cry,  
Strawberys rype, an cheryes in the ryse."

Filberts were so named from Phillipert, king of France. The quince called Cydonia, from Cydon, was cultivated in this country in Gerard's time. The red queen-apple was so called in compliment to queen Elizabeth. The cultivation of the pear is of great antiquity, for Pliny mentions twenty different kinds. Most of our apples came originally from France, see *Faulkner's History of Kensington*. Miller mentions eighty-four species of pear, whose names are all enumerated in his *Gardener's Dictionary*, a work of great celebrity, and may be said to have laid the foundation of all the horticultural taste and knowledge in England. To the afflictions and exiles of Charles we are indebted for many of our best vegetables, which were introduced by his followers from the continent—thus by the industry of man are the gifts of the earth transplanted from clime to clime.

\* See how the rising fruits the gardens crown,  
Imbibe the sun, and make his light their own."  
*Blackmore.*  
P. T. W.

\* Cherries were sold upon sticks above one hundred years ago.—See *Guardian* for July 2nd, 1713.

### WISDOM.

(For the Mirror.)

Get Wisdom.—PROVERBS.

WISDOM is a rich treasure, but like all other acquisitions, derives its real value from the use which is made of it. The all-wise Creator has endowed men with many means of acquiring it, and thereby enlarging and improving the soul. Observation is one of the principal ways by

which knowledge is obtained, and nature the book, which is given to all, and suited to every capacity. The care of the hen, the faithfulness of the dog, the diligence of the ant, will teach us what are the duties of a parent and a friend, and the advantages of industry.

The power, wisdom, and goodness of God are displayed in all his works—in a blade of grass as well as the mighty oak—in our own small planet, as much as in the solar system. Thus knowledge may be acquired without labour or expense. Those who have time and means may enter more deeply into these subjects by perusing books which treat of them.

But though much instruction is to be drawn from nature, it is in revelation we must seek for true wisdom—that wisdom which shall continue when tongues shall cease, and all other knowledge vanish away, and

"Like the baseless fabric  
Of a vision, leave not a wreck behind."

There cannot be a more beautiful description of this wisdom than that given us by St. James: "The wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy. Happy they who possess treasure though in an earthen vessel; wherever they may be they are bright and shining lights, diffusing around happiness, patterns of virtue, and ornaments of society. G.

### LINES

Addressed to Robert Lemon, Esq. on his discovery of Milton's literary manuscript, entitled "*De Dei Cultu*," in support of the truth of Christian religion.

LEMON, to thee the shade of Milton turns,  
His mighty genius shines once more through you;

And whilst his last great work with brightness burns,

To thy discovery\* let the praise be due.

UTOPIA.

\* On application to the King, to know his pleasure in regard to this manuscript, so long deposited in the State Paper Office, his Majesty was pleased to give this answer: "A work of Milton's must be made public, and shall be made public."

### SWIMMING—DEATHS BY DROWNING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR—In your MIRROR, No. 154, page 103, you have given a short piece of good advice to persons falling into deep water that cannot swim. You say "the body generally rises to the surface;" I believe

you may say without exception it does so. About seven years ago, having in my possession four successive yearly lists of the parish clerks of London, I was shocked at seeing the prodigious number of deaths by drowning.\* In consequence I made some experiments to discover whether the body immersed or emerged in water, and found the latter to be the case, and that I could lie on my back with my arms stretched (not spread) beyond my head, keeping them under the water, without any motion whatever, and with perfect ease, provided the water was not agitated at the time. About the same time there fell into my hands a little publication called *Instruction for Swimming*; the author of which, I suppose, chose not to put his name, for a very good reason. He asserts that those who dive for any thing in water must go in with their eyes open, for when under water they cannot open them, nor shut them when they are open. About the same time another and similar work met my eye, at the end of which was added, what the author called "Doctor Franklin's Advice to Bathers;" this piece contained the same assertion. I looked one of these catch-penny things through, and found such a variety of wonderful antics taught to be performed in the water, that I never saw performed or heard of, and believe no man ever did perform. I was a swimmer at a little more than ten years of age, and have taken some pains during 40 years to improve,† but have not even learned to put on my shoes while in water, though this connoisseur teaches you to put on your boots while under water. This clever person gives a philosophical reason for the not being able to move the eyelids, viz. the pressure of the water on them. The assertion was almost too ridiculous for me to take pains to refute, however, I did do this both in shallow and in water 9½ feet deep, where I found no more difficulty in vibrating the eyelids than in the open air, though there was some difference in the number of vibrations in a given time, which I took the trouble to ascertain with precision, and calculated the pressure of the water on the eyelids at different depths. These experiments I published in the *Monthly Magazine* for November 1818, page 317, and an errata in January following.‡

Shortly after this was published, I car-

ried one experiment a little further, to prove the precise specific gravity of the body, in order to which I had, while on my back, as before described, three pounds weight laid on my breast; this just plunged me under, not pressing me to the bottom, but just amounting to an equipoise. If you think this scrap of information worth a place in your *Mirror*, it is quite at your service, and if it will be any inducement for people to learn to swim, in order to the better preservation of their lives, and at the same time enjoying the luxury and benefit of cold bathing, I shall be much gratified.

I am, Sir,

With all due respect, &c.

W. BLOOR.

86, Paul-street, Finsbury,  
8th August, 1825.

#### PARODY

ON THE SPEECH OF YOUNG NORVAL, IN THE PLAY  
OF "DOUGLAS."

(For the Mirror.)

My name is Scraggem. On fam'd Mutton-hill  
My father sells his pies; a frugal man,  
Whose constant care was to win the tows,  
Increase his store, and keep my humble self at home.

But I had heard of winning, and I long'd  
To follow to the hill, to call out head or tail,  
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.  
You gas, which blazed last night long as my stick,

Had scarce burst into flame, when by its light  
A half-starv'd, hungry mortal rushed furiously  
On my stall, devouring mince and mutton.  
The watchman fled for succour; I alone,  
In Crib-like attitude, hover'd about the enemy,  
Then pounc'd suddenly upon his meagre carcass,  
And drew a half-munch'd pie from his devouring jaws.

I fought and conquer'd. Ere a Charley came,  
I'd drawn the claret from his olfact'ry organ.  
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd  
The vulgar cry of apple, mince, or mutton;  
And having heard of Sir Walter Scott  
And Bernard Barton, bard of broad-brim'd beaver,

Filling their pockets with the produce of a pen,  
I left my stall, took up the grey goose quill,  
And wrote these lines, with the intent  
That *Mirror's* page should gild my humble name.

SCRAGGEM, JUN.

#### ARTHUR'S TOMB.

IN the reign of Richard I. the bones of Arthur, the famous king of Britain, were found at Glastonbury, in an old sepulchre, about which stood two pillars, on which letters were written, but could not be read, they being in so mutilated a state. Upon the sepulchre was a leaden cross, whereon was engraved, "Here lieth the noble king of Britain, Arthur."

\* About 118 in each year.

† And for the last ten years I have been in the water at least three times a week all the year round.

‡ If Mr. Bloor will favour us with the corrected copy of the article, we shall be happy to reprint it.—Ed.

## Miscellanies.

### STEAM ENGINES.

AN intelligent lecturer lately stated, that he had good reason for believing, that at this time 12,000 steam engines are in action in Great Britain! He estimated that by these engines the work of 250,000 horses were saved! Supposing each horse to consume annually the produce of two acres, 500,000 acres are thus set free for other purposes. T. A. C.

### FOUNDLING HOSPITALS.

BY M. DE CHATEAUNEUF.

POPE INNOCENT the Third founded in Rome the first asylum for the reception of children abandoned by their parents, towards the middle of the eleventh century; all the other establishments of a similar kind were not introduced into the other states of Europe till a more subsequent period. It was only in the 18th century that foundling hospitals were erected in England, Germany, Sweden, and Russia. It does not appear that there were any in France, till St. Vincent de Paule founded one in Paris at the latter end of the 17th century. Excepting a few countries (Belgium for instance), the number of foundlings has increased, in every country in Europe, since forty years; and in none has the increase been proportionably greater than in France. The number has gradually augmented from the year 1640 to 1773; in the former year there were only 400 foundlings in France, in 1772 the number was 7,676, and not much more than half the number from 1793 till 1801. In 1796 there were 3,122. The number again increased from the commencement of this century till 1814; since the latter period, as compared with the population, the number has remained stationary, amounting at this moment to about 5,000. In the year 1784, there were not more than 40,000 foundlings in the whole French territory; but in the following years the numbers were—

In 1798...51,000	In 1817... 92,200
1809...69,000	1818... 98,000
1815...84,500	1819... 96,000
1816...87,700	1821...105,000
1st Jan. 1822...138,500	

Thus the number of foundlings, during the last mentioned periods, amounts to about a two hundred and fiftieth part of the whole population. The number of children abandoned by their parents amounts annually from 230 to 250,000; this number, he adds, cannot be consi-

dered very great, when compared with a population of 187 millions of inhabitants that Europe is supposed to contain.

The author compares the number of foundlings with that of births: he is only able to give a correct statement during the last six years, with the exception of Paris; the relative progressive numbers in this city have been

Year.	On 100 Births.
From 1710 to 1720.....	9-73
1720 1730.....	11-37
1730 1740.....	14-48
1740 1750.....	18-21
1750 1760.....	23-71
1760 1770.....	30-75
1770 1780.....	33-06
1780 1790.....	28-70
1790 1800.....	17-69
1800 1810.....	20-95
1810 1820.....	22-88

Paris is not, however, with comparison to its population, in so bad a state as other towns in Europe; for instance, on 100 births, the subjoined account is the number of foundlings in

Vienna.....23-43	Rome.....27-90
Madrid.....25-58	Moscow.....27-94
Lisbon.....26-28	Petersburgh..45-00

Thus in Catholic countries, and under despotic governments, the corruption of morals, misery, or other causes, produce a more extraordinary effect than is witnessed in Paris. In large towns the number of foundlings increases in the same ratio as the population. When the population of a town increases in arithmetical progression, the number of children augments in a kind of geometrical proportion. Among other causes which produce the number of foundlings, is the very natural one of the birth of illegitimate children.

M. De C. separates France into two parts; on one side he places the middle provinces, which are in general the least productive, the inhabitants of which are poor; on the other he arranges the frontier departments, where the people live in more comfort; he includes in the latter enumeration the fortified towns and ports of Brest, Nantes, Toulon, Marseilles, Bourdeaux, Rouen, Metz, and Strasburg. These populous, commercial, and opulent towns contain a great number of foreigners, soldiers, sailors, and workmen, and yet notwithstanding these circumstances, according to official returns supplied by Government in 1821, out of 30,000 foundlings, the frontier provinces, with a population of 19 millions, did not exceed the number of children abandoned in the middle provinces, although the population of the latter is not above 11 millions.

Wild C  
Ditto  
Ditto

Duck  
Shell  
Teal...  
Pocher  
Ditto,  
Ditto  
Ditto,  
Ditto,  
Goosar  
Ditto,  
Coot  
Water  
Diddop  
Heron  
Cirliew  
Ditto,

Ditto,  
Redsh  
Sea Pi  
Plover  
Ditto,  
Ditto,  
Knot  
Snipe,  
Ditto,  
Ditto,  
Stint  
Corm  
Loine  
Grey  
Blue  
Comm  
Black

Red l  
King  
Roya  
Norw

Lark  
Mar  
Buz  
Comm  
Grey  
Barn  
Rook  
Crow



## THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

(For the Mirror.)

*Observations on the Migration of Birds that frequent the Sea Shores, Marshes, and Hedges, near King's Lynn, in the county of Norfolk.*

By J. LLANGIRB, during Thirty years strict attention.

Names.	First Seen.	Last Seen.	Where Bred.	Where found.
Wild Goose, grey legged.	Oct. 6. ...	Feb. 10. ...	Hudson's Bay.	Rising river, about an hour before sun-set—on their return from corn-fields. They drink in this fresh stream, then retire on the sands.
Ditto small	Nov. 10. ...	Jan. 29. ...	Ditto	
Ditto Brent	Dec. 18. ...	Feb. 3. ...	Ditto	
Duck and Mallard.	all the year at sea by day; return to land about an hour after sun-set.			
Shell Duck.	Do.	at the mouth of fresh-water Creeks.		
Teal.	Oct. 20. ...	March 6. ...	Ireland.	In fresh rivers.
Pocher, red head.	Nov. 19. ...	March 3. ...	Ditto	In flocks at the mouth of fresh-water creeks.
Ditto, golden eye'd.	Nov. 29. ...	Feb. 10. ...	Ditto	
Ditto tuff'd.	Dec. 15. ...	Jan. 19. ...	Orkney Isles.	In fresh-water creeks.
Ditto, long tail	Dec. 20. ...	Jan. 14. ...	Ditto	In the channel.
Ditto, ball head	Dec. 26. ...	Jan. 19. ...	Ditto	In the creeks.
Goosander, grey	Dec. 18. ...	Feb. 4. ...	Ireland.	In fresh-water rivers.
Ditto, orange breast	Dec. 23. ...	Jan. 20. ...	Ditto	In fresh-water rivers (rare)
Coots	all the year in fresh water rivers.			In the fens.
Water Hen.	Do.	In Ponds.		In ponds.
Didapper.	Nov. 16. ...	Feb. 10. ...	Orkney Isles.	In fresh-water rivers.
Heron	all the year.			In rivers and ditches.
Cirlew, sea.	Sept. 4. ...	Feb. 6. ...	Ireland.	On land by day; on the salt marshes by night.
Ditto, land	July 14. ...	May 6. ...	Ditto	
Ditto, jack	Sept. 3. ...	Nov. 10. ...	Ditto	On the salt marsh by creeks.
Redshank	April 10. ...	Oct. 29. ...	On the Salt Marsh.	By the side of creeks.
Sea Pie	all the year.			On the sands.
Plover, green	Feb. 27. ...	Dec. 3. ...	Salt Marshes.	On lands adjoining the sea.
Ditto, grey	Aug. 26. ...	Dec. 1. ...	On the Beach.	On the sands in large flocks
Ditto, golden	Nov. 5. ...	Feb. 6. ...	Ireland.	On the salt marsh in flocks
Knot	Aug. 28. ...	Feb. 3. ...	On the Beach.	On the sands in large flocks
Snipe, Common	Sept. 1. ...	March 6. ...	In low Marshes.	In drains and broad ditches
Ditto, jack	Sept. 10. ...	March 6. ...	Ireland.	
Ditto, black	May 6. ...	Oct. 14. ...	In our Marshes.	In ponds.
Stint	all the year.			On the Beach. ... Flock on the sands in Sept.
Cormorant	Oct. 6. ...	April 4. ...	Orkney Isles.	In the creeks.
Loine	July 29. ...	Oct. 10. ...	Ditto.	In the channel.
Grey Gull	Aug. 4. ...	April 10. ...	Beach	On the sands.
Blue Gull	Aug. 4. ...	April 10. ...	Ditto	
Common Sea Mew.	all the year.			On the Salt Marsh. By the sea side.
Black Cap Ditto	Sept. 3. ...	Dec. 4. ...	On Rocks.	On land by day, sea by night.
Red legged Ditto	March 4. ...	Aug. 12. ...	On the Beach.	On ploughed lands (good to eat).
King Fisher	all the year.			with us. ... By sluices in fresh rivers.
Royston Crow.	Oct. 3. ...	March 22. ...	Norway.	On the marshes and lands.
Norway Spinks	Dec. 18. ...	Jan. 20. ...	Ditto	On the salt marshes; only seen in a severe frost.
Larks	all the year.			Flocks in December on the marshes.
Marsh Linnets	Do.	Do.	Do.	Ditto October ditto
Buzzard Hawk	Do.	Do.	Do.	After plover, starlings, &c.
Common Hawk	Do.	Do.	Do.	After larks, linnets, &c.
Grey Owl	Do.	Do.	Do.	In the fields after mice, &c., of an evening.
Barn Owl	Do.	Do.	Do.	
Rooks	Do.	Do.	Do.	Ploughed lands.
Crow	Do.	Do.	Do.	Wherever carrion lies in the fields.

Names.	First Seen.	Last Seen.	Where Bred.	Where found.
Jack Daw .....	all the year.	.....	with us.	Old church steeples.
Raven .....	Do.	.....	Do.	} Wolverton Wood.
Pidgeon's Wood .....	Do.	.....	Do.	
Ditto, blue .....	Do.	.....	Do.	} On sand hills and rabbit warrens.
Ring dove .....	Do.	.....	Do.	
Starling .....	Do.	.....	Do.	} In large flocks on the marsh, by day; in the fens by night, on haw. thorn bushes.
Fieldfare .....	Nov. 10.	Feb. 6.	.....	
Thrush .....	all the year.	.....	Do.	On the hedges.
Swallow .....	April 18.	Oct. 31.	Do.	} In our fields, streets, &c.
Marten .....	May 4.	Oct. 16.	Do.	
Sand Marten .....	May 29.	Sept. 6.	Do.	Sand pits.
Swift .....	May 29.	Sept. 3.	Do.	In the fields.
Goatsucker .....	Sept. 7.	Sept. 27.	.....	} On hedges.
Wryneck .....	April 26.	Sept. 10.	Do.	
Cuckoo .....	May 1.	July 10.	Do.	On lofty trees.
Nightingale .....	April 25.	Sept. 20.	Do.	} In our hedges.
White-throat .....	April 22.	Sept. 16.	Do.	
Wheat-eat .....	May 4.	Sept. 26.	Do.	On our marshes.
Whinchat .....	June 1.	Sept. 21.	Do.	} On commons, among fume bushes.
Willow Wren .....	April 23.	Sept. 24.	Do.	
Land-rail .....	Sept. 1.	Oct. 20.	Do.	In dry ditches.
Woodcock .....	Oct. 20.	April 1.	.....	} Under thick cover in rotten ditches.
Quail .....	Aug. 20.	Oct. 7.	Do.	
Avossett .....	Aug. 12.	Oct. 1.	Norway.	On the sands.

It may not be unworthy of remark to add, that the wild fowl are taken upon these shores by means of stratagem. The sportsman digs a hole in the sands to conceal himself, some distance from low-water mark, and where the tide is the longest to overflow; thus concealed, as the tide rises the fowl *run* upon the sands, or *swim* in the creeks within gun-shot; thus, with a good fowling-piece, the sportsman seldom fails to make a good day's work. Wild fowl, generally, are found in large flocks.

Thus are the wild geese shot in the month of October. The sportsman conceals himself, as before observed, within gun-shot of a fresh river, called Beverley Creek, where the geese first alight on the sands, then go to the river to wash and drink, before they fly to the more remote sands for repose; thus they fall victims to the calls of nature: they return of an afternoon from the cornfields about four o'clock, as regular as an army; and fly of a morning about seven o'clock with the same precision; but the greater quantity of fowl are shot by persons having a small boat with a long gun, such as are used in the fens of Lincolnshire. Of the quantity killed by this method; I have known persons who have taken at one shot, upwards of three dozen and a half of birds; and it has been frequently the case to kill two dozen duck and mallard at one shot; thus, reckoning the duck and mallard at 2s. 6d. per pair, a man gets 30s. at one shot; upon an average they reckon

three shots per week good work; but it must be observed, they often shoot at small flocks, and sometimes do not get one shot in a fortnight. I may fairly state, than an industrious man may earn 30s. per week.

#### JOHN SOBIESKI.

THE Emperor Leopold, who was a weak prince, and without courage, upon the approach of the Turks to attack his capital, quitted Vienna with precipitation, and retired to Lentz, and when he was informed that the enemy had actually invested Vienna, he fled still farther—as far as Passau, leaving the Duke of Lorraine at the head of a little army, which had been already defeated by the Turks, to take what care he could of the fortunes of the empire. Every one believed that the Grand Vizier Cara Mustapha, who commanded the Ottoman troops, would have soon reduced the place; but his presumption and brutal contempt of the Christians proved his ruin. His delays gave time for the arrival of John Sobieski, of Poland, who being joined by the Duke of Lorraine, fell furiously on the Ottoman multitude and forced them to abandon the siege. The Emperor returned to his capital under the shame of having quitted it, and made his entrance at the time when his deliverer was coming out of the church, where they had been singing *Te Deum*, and where the preacher, for his text, had taken these words:—"There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." MONUM.



## Fountain of the Elephant, in Paris.



AMONG the projects of Bonaparte for improving the city of Paris, there was one for erecting a fountain in the centre of the *Placé de la Bastille*, so called from its being the site of that celebrated prison which was demolished in May and June, 1790, in pursuance of a decree of the National Assembly. According to the original design, which was furnished by Denon, a semicircular arch over the Canal Saint Martin was to bear a bronze elephant, more than seventy-two feet high, including the tower or throne supported by the animal. The water was to issue from the trunk of this colossal figure, each of whose legs was to measure six feet in diameter, and in one of them was to be a winding staircase leading to the tower. The preparatory works have been continued tardily since the restoration of the Bourbons; but it is not certain that the original plan will be adhered to.

### ON SEA BATHING.

BATHING has been practised from the earliest periods of society among the inhabitants of every nation, either as a religious ceremony, as the means of preserving cleanliness, or as a source of comfort and pleasurable gratification. For the latter purposes, in the warmer climates, nature first prompted its use; and hence arose a knowledge of its salutary effects in contributing to general health. Indeed, the various accounts which we have of this custom, from the remotest times, amongst savages as well as refined people, fully prove; not only that it is of very high an-

tiquity, but that it was almost universally followed; and in modern times, almost every person living near the coast, or possessing the means of going there, indulges in sea bathing. For the following observations on this subject we are indebted to the *Oracle of Health*:

"According to Kirwan, the mean temperature of the English coast in the month of August is 64° F. whilst the sea water never descends below 59° F. Yet notwithstanding this small difference, the sea water feels considerably colder than the atmosphere, owing to the diversity of media. On immersion, a shock or a strong sensation of cold is felt on coming out of the water, the cold is greater even than when in the bath, and which may be attributed to evaporation. This, however, is soon followed by a feeling of pleasing warmth, learnedly called by Buchan the *re-action of the vital principle*. The same rule applies here as in the use of the cold bath, namely, to suspend its use if the genial glow above mentioned does not soon come on.

"The principal advantage derived from the constant use of the cold bath, is to lessen very considerably the morbid sensibility to changes of weather—to accustom the body gradually to every species of temperature—and to procure in this respect, for the rich, the benefits of an active and laborious life, without an abandonment of the pleasures of luxury. On this principle it is that they who bathe in the sea during the Autumn, are observed to be less liable to rheumatism and catarrhal affections during the following Winter.

"It is an opinion very generally diffused, that the period best adapted to sea-bathing is before dinner, or early in the morning, when the stomach is empty—since it has been found, that persons who bathe immediately after dinner, experience flatulencies and eructations, a sense of heaviness at the stomach, and other symptoms of indigestion. It is very proper to rise early in the morning, as the longer sleep is prolonged beyond its natural and necessary duration, the more is the body debilitated and rendered torpid. But persons of a delicate constitution are commonly too much disordered by the morning cold, and diminished temperature of the water, at such an hour, for re-action to be effected as it ought, and for producing the glow of warmth on coming out of the sea; and without this, the cold bath is always injurious. Such persons ought to begin by taking a walk in the open air before breakfast, without, however, prolonging the exercise so far as to produce fatigue, and not to use the bath until some time after having taken food, and then repeat a short walk before bathing, so as not to enter the water with the slightest sense of coldness.

"The strong and robust, who bathe for pleasure, may choose their own time, but to the infirm we must hold a different language. These ought to wait for that season in which the water is warmest, which in England is in the month of August. The medium temperature of the water of the English coast is at this time 61° F. though sometimes it is elevated to 70° F., but on the approach of rain and stormy weather is much diminished. The best time for bathing is at high tide, when this happens from noon to one o'clock. It was once the custom to bathe in the evening, and this is the period still chosen by those, especially the youthful, who do it simply for pleasure. A bath in the evening usually procures tranquil sleep, a property well known to the Romans. But the selection of this time is only fitted for those who are accustomed to eat temperately at an early hour, who are not weakened by the fatigues of the day, and who perspire with difficulty. It would therefore be the height of imprudence for those to bathe in the evening who are fatigued and exhausted by the exertions of the day, who dine late and banquet sumptuously, and who are prone to perspire when asleep; since the bath generally augments such a disposition, and under these circumstances cannot but be pernicious.

"There is no opinion more generally diffused, and at the same time more erroneous, than that which forbids the use

of the cold bath when the system is heated. Dr. Currie has clearly proved, that all the inconveniences adduced to show the bad effects of immersion in cold water after the body has been heated by violent exercise, depends not on the preceding heat, but on the debility and exhaustion of the bather at the time. In such cases, the salutary re-action and glow that ought always to succeed the bath cannot be produced, owing to the loss of that vigour and energy which should arouse it. The most favourable moment indeed, for the use of the cold bath, is during the greatest heat produced by moderate exercise, and when the body is yet in its full strength. Immediately after running, wrestling, or other gymnastic exercises, by which the Roman youth were inured to the fatigues of war, they darted from the Campus Martius into the Tiber, and swam across it once or twice. The Russians and Finlanders, on issuing out of their sudatories, in which the thermometer rises to 167° F. roll themselves in the snow at a temperature of 13° to 35° below zero F.—and so far from this transition rendering the impression of cold more hurtful, they are, on the contrary, thereby insured the good effects of it. We cannot, in fact, too strongly urge on bathers the propriety of taking exercise before cold affusion or immersion.

"Another consequence of this theory is not to undress until the moment of immersion, or when undressed it is proper to throw over the body a flannel gown, which may be laid on one side at the time of going into the water, and resumed immediately on coming out. Immersion in the water during the whole time of bathing, is far preferable to the person's coming out and plunging in again at intervals, which last practice is apt to produce debility, and prevent the glow from following. The prevalent fashion of dipping the head first in water is also reprehensible, as unnatural and hurtful, often occasioning head-aches, and in one case related by Mr. Odier, water in the head followed the plunging head foremost into the water.

"Immediately on coming out of the bath it is proper for the person to dress himself quickly, and it is of the greatest advantage for him to wrap himself up in a flannel gown destined for the purpose. After this a short walk may be recommended—keeping within that exertion which would produce perspiration or fatigue. If the heat be slow in returning, a bowl of warm soup, or a weak infusion of orange peel, ginger or mace, may be taken, or if fasting it will be well to take food. It is a bad custom to go to bed

after the bath, unless the sensation of cold amount to shivering, and be accompanied with great weakness, in which case the person may be put to bed, and a bladder filled with warm water applied to the stomach.

"The frequency of the repetition of the baths and their duration, must be regulated by the temperament of the patient. Weak habits should be limited to a bath every second day. In taking it daily, it often happens that they experience fatigue and become reduced, effects which do not follow if a day intervene between the baths.

"The pain of the head occasionally supervening on sea bathing is of two kinds: the first and most dangerous proceeds from a congestion or fulness of the blood-vessels, and is manifested by a sense of heaviness in the head, accompanied with a flushed face, and red and sparkling eyes, and is most apt to occur in persons of a sanguine temperament and robust habit. In such cases the bathing ought to be preceded by cupping; and if this be useless, it ought to be discontinued. The other kind is of a very different description; it is announced by an external pain, accompanied by a sensation of cold in the back part of the head, and is analogous to what is felt in intermittent fever and hysterics. This is obviated by covering the head after bathing with a woollen cap, or by taking some cordial, or tincture of iron. To prevent both kinds of pains, it is necessary always to dip or wet the head as well as the rest of the body. Cullen and Buchan both relate cases of a violent pain in the head after bathing, owing to the persons covering the head with a cap, and carefully avoiding to wet this part.

"Though we may not prohibit the pleasures of the table, or dancing, to those whose situation does not contra-indicate these indulgences, yet we are bound to observe that nothing is more dangerous than bathing in cold water in the morning, after having eaten or drunk too much the preceding evening, or danced too long in a room in which the temperature was above that of the atmosphere; or finally, when still under the feeling of fatigue from walking or other exercises on the preceding day. Instances are on record, of the most alarming consequences from a neglect of these precautions.

"In cases where the cold sea bath cannot be borne, or where it is of doubtful efficacy at first, it is better to substitute water of a rather more elevated temperature, or sponging the surface for several times prior to the use of immersion."

## The Selector;

OR,  
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM  
NEW WORKS.

### HORRORS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE following narrative shows to what an extent of savage ferocity, the most polished people in the world, as the French would make us believe they are, went during the Revolution. We allude to the massacres in the prisons, planned by Danton and his associates on the night of the 30th and 31st of August, 1793:—

"Three years before, a person named Maillard figured at the head of the band of women who marched to Versailles on the famous 5th of October. This Maillard was a bailiff by occupation; in mind intelligent; in disposition sanguinary; and, since the quiet times of the revolution, had left every man at large to exert his own influence, without any control or impediment, he had collected together a band of ignorant and low-born associates, who were prepared for every desperate undertaking. He himself was captain of this band; and, if we may credit a discovery which transpired so long a time after the event it refers to, he was employed by Danton and his party in the execution of the most atrocious cruelties. He was ordered to place himself in a situation best calculated to effect his dire intention; to prepare instruments of death; to take every precaution to stifle the cries of his victims; and to have vinegar, holly-brooms, lime, and covered carriages in readiness for all those purposes."

On the 3rd of September,—

"The ministers assembled at the hotel of the marine department only waited for Danton, to hold their council. The whole city was on tiptoe. Terror reigned in the prisons. The royal family, to whom every noise seemed menace, anxiously demanded the cause of so much agitation. The gaolers of the several prisons appeared struck with consternation. He who had the care of the Abbaye sent away his wife and children in the morning. Dinner was served to the prisoners two hours before the accustomed time; and all the knives were taken from their plates. Alarmed at these circumstances, the victims demanded the cause with importunity, but could obtain no answer. At two o'clock the generale commenced beating to arms; the tocsin sounded, and the alarum cannon was fired. Troops of citizens crowded to the Champ de Mars;

others surrounded the commune and the assembly; and all the public places were, in like manner, thronged to excess.

"This was the moment chosen for the transfer of eighty recusant priests from the Hotel de Ville to the Abbaye. They were removed in hackney coaches, escorted by Brston and some confederates, and conducted at a slow pace towards the Faubourg St. Germain, along the quays, the Pont Neuf, and the Rue Dauphine. The rabble surrounded the carriages, and heaped upon them every insult. The confederates pointed them out: 'Behold,' said they, 'the conspirators who had designed to murder us, our wives, and children, whilst we were on the frontiers.' These words heightened the indignation of the multitude. The doors of the coaches were opened, and the unfortunate within endeavoured to shut them to shelter themselves from the outrages which assailed them, but the attempt was ineffectual, and they were forced to sit patiently under the assaults of the infuriated populace. They at last arrived at the court of the Abbaye. An immense crowd had collected there to meet them. This court led to the prisons, and communicated with the saloon where the sections of the 'Four Nations' held their sittings. The first carriage drew up before the door of the committee, and was immediately surrounded by a throng of furious-looking men. Maillard was already there. The coach door being opened, the priest nearest to it descended, and was making his way towards the committee, when he fell covered with a thousand wounds. The second endeavoured to draw back, but was dragged out by force, and suffered the fate of the former. The two others shared the same fate, and their murderers then abandoned the first carriage, and betook themselves to those which followed. These entered, one after another, the fatal court, and the last of the eighty priests expired amidst the savage acclamations of the furious rabble.

"At the moment of the consummation of this bloody deed, Billaud-Varrennes arrived on the spot. Of all those concerned in these frightful massacres, he alone dared constantly to approve of them, and appear personally active in their perpetration. He now came boldly forward, and, with his scarf of office on his shoulders, walked in the blood, and trampled on the bodies of the murdered priests, addressing at the same time the butcher throng about him: 'People,' said he, 'you have done your duty, you have sacrificed your enemies.' The voice of Maillard was immediately after heard above the crowd: 'There is nothing more

to be done here,' cried he, 'let us go to the church of the Carmelites.'

"In this place two hundred priests were confined. The gang broke into it; and the unhappy victims, giving up all hope, ejaculated a prayer to heaven, embraced one another, and resigned themselves to death. The archbishop of Arles was first sought out, and, being soon discovered, was despatched by a sabre-cut over the neck. But the sword was found too dilatory a weapon; fire-arms were, therefore, resorted to, and general discharges of musketry quickly strewed the church with the bodies of the dead; some also fell in the garden, others, in attempting to climb over the walls, and some in the trees, where they had endeavoured to conceal themselves.

"Whilst this massacre was carrying on at the church of the Carmelites, Maillard, with a party of his band, returned to the Abbaye. He presented himself at the section of the Four Nations, covered with perspiration and blood, and demanded 'wine for his brave comrades, who had delivered the nation from its enemies.' The committee, struck with consternation, granted him twenty-four pints.

"This was served out upon tables in the court, in the midst of the mangled bodies of those slain in the afternoon. The wine was scarcely drank when another atrocious scene took place. Maillard, who was the leader in all these massacres, pointing to the prison, cried out 'à l'Abbaye,' (to the Abbey). He then led the way, and was followed by his gang, who assaulted the gate of the prison with violence. The poor wretches within heard the din, and considered it a signal for their death. The gaoler and his wife fainted through fright. The doors were burst open. The first prisoners who were laid hold of were dragged out by the feet, and thrown bleeding into the court, to be butchered by the mob. Meanwhile Maillard and some of his most faithful comrades demanded the gaoler's register, and the keys of the several prisons. One of the gaolers, however, more bold than the rest, endeavoured to remonstrate; and, advancing towards the wicket of the door, he mounted on a stool, and addressed the multitude: 'My friends,' said he 'I see you are bent upon the destruction of the aristocrats, the enemies of the people, who have conspired against the lives of your wives and children. In this you are undoubtedly right; but you are good citizens, you love justice, and would be shocked to dip your hands in innocent blood.' 'Yes, yes,' cried out the executioners. 'I ask, then,' resumed the gaoler, 'if you do not expose yourself to

the danger of confounding the innocent with the guilty, when you rush like tigers upon your prey, making no distinction, and listening to no appeals.' Here he was interrupted by one of the gang, who, flourishing his sabre, exclaimed: 'Would you have us sleep in the midst of danger? If the Prussians and Austrians were at Paris, would they distinguish between guilt and innocence? I have a wife and children, whom I will not leave in danger. If you think fit, give the scoundrels arms, and we will engage an equal number of them, but Paris must be purged before we depart.' 'Right, right,' exclaimed many voices, and a push was made forward; nevertheless they were at last prevailed on to desist, and consent to a species of trial. The gaoler's books were then given up, and it was decided that one of the band should be appointed president, to read the names, and the cause of every prisoner's detention, and that immediate sentence should be passed on all the culprits. The business of electing a president now engaged the attention of all, and the name of Maillard was shouted from every quarter. This blood-thirsty butcher was, therefore, instantly invested with his terrific but congenial authority; and, seated before a table covered with the gaoler's registers, and surrounded by a few of his gang, chosen at random from the multitude, to assist him by their advice, the prisoners were summoned, one after another, before his appalling judgment-seat. They were led out to their trial by hands already dyed in blood, and then thrust among the wild beasts, panting for their destruction. The sentence of condemnation was pronounced in these words: "*Monsieur, à la Force*," (to the prison of La Force), and the unfortunate victim was then precipitated through the partition which separated the judges from the executioners, and found his death on the blades of sabres already clotted with carnage.

"The first who were brought before this dread tribunal were the Swiss soldiers imprisoned in the Abbaye, whose officers had been removed to the Conciergerie. 'You are those,' said Maillard, 'who assassinated the people on the 10th of August.' 'But we were attacked,' replied the unfortunates, 'and obeyed our commanders.' 'It does not signify,' resumed Maillard, coldly, and pronounced the sentence '*À la Force*.' The wretched victims could not mistake the dire import of these words, for they perceived the menacing sabres on the other side of the wicket; they hung back, and crowded behind one another in fearful recoil, till one, more bold than the rest, asked,

'Whither he must pass.' The door was opened to him; and, stooping his head, he rushed with hopeless desperation into the midst of sabres and pikes. The rest followed his example, and shared his fate.

"The females were all now locked up together in the same room, and other prisoners were brought forward. Several accused of forgery next suffered. After them the celebrated Montmorin, whose acquittal had caused so much discontent, but had not gained him his freedom, was led out. Being presented to the blood-stained president, he declared that he had been tried by the regular tribunal, and could acknowledge no other. 'Be it so,' replied Maillard, 'prepare nevertheless, for a different sentence.' The ex-minister, who understood not this language, asked for a carriage. He was answered he would find one at the door. He then demanded permission to take with him a few necessities, but, receiving no answer, he advanced towards the wicket, and there discovered and fell into the snare of death.

"After him, Thiers, the valet-de-chambre of the king, was led forward, 'Like master, like man,' exclaimed Maillard, and he was instantly assassinated. Buob and Bocquillon then advanced. They were accused of having been members of a secret committee held at the Tuileries, and this was sufficient for their condemnation and death. The night was now fast approaching, and the prisoners, hearing the acclamations of the assassins, felt they had but a few moments to live.

"This frightful massacre lasted the whole night. The executioners and judges alternately exchanged their situations. Wine stimulated their thirst for blood, and the goblets out of which they drank were marked with the prints of their blood-dropping fingers. Yet in the midst of this carnage some victims were spared, and their lives were granted to them with every frantic demonstration of drunken joy. One young man, who was claimed by one of the sections, and declared free from aristocracy, was acquitted in the midst of acclamations of 'Long live the nation!' and carried in triumph in the blood-stained arms of the executioners. The venerable Sombreuil, governor of the invalids, was afterwards led forth and condemned. His daughter, from the middle of the prison, heard his fate pronounced, and springing forward, darted into the midst of the pikes and sabres, clung round her father, and implored mercy from the murderers in such an heart-piercing accent, and such torrents of tears, that their fury was for a moment suspended. To put her sensa-

bility to the test, they offered her a goblet full of blood. 'Drink,' said they, 'drink the blood of the aristocrats!' She drank, and her father was saved. The daughter of Cazotte also succeeded in rescuing her parent in like manner; but she was still more happy, and obtained his safety without undergoing such a horrible test of her affection.

"These scenes caused tears to stream from the eyes of the assassins, yet they returned immediately to demand fresh victims; and one of those who had displayed this sensibility, instantly resumed his dreadful office of leading out the prisoners to death, and was on the point of killing the gaoler, because he had not supplied his victims with water for the last twenty-four hours. Another of these singular monsters interested himself in a prisoner whom he was leading to the wicket, because he heard him speak the language of his country. 'Why are you here,' said he, to M. Journiac de Saint Méard, 'If you are not a traitor, the president, *who is no fool*, will give you justice. Do not tremble, but answer me.' He was presented to Maillard,

who, looking over the register—'Ah,' said he, 'M. Journiac, you are he who wrote in the journal of the court and the city.' 'No,' replied the prisoner, 'it is a calumny; I never wrote in it.' 'Take care,' replied Maillard, 'falsehood is punished here with death.'

'Did you not recently absent yourself to join the army of the emigrants?' 'This is another calumny,' replied he; 'I have a certificate attesting that I have been for the last twenty-three months in Paris.' 'Whose certificate is it? Is the signature authentic?' Happily for M. de Journiac, a person was present to whom the subscriber of the certificate was personally known. The signature was, therefore, declared worthy of credit.

'You see then,' resumed M. Journiac, 'that I have been calumniated.' 'If the calumniator was here,' replied Maillard, 'he should receive terrible justice. But answer me, were you imprisoned here for nothing?' 'No,' answered M. de Journiac, 'I was known for an aristocrat.' 'Aristocrat?' 'Yes, aristocrat; but you are not here to judge of opinions, but actions; mine are blameless; I have never conspired; my soldiers, in the regiment which I command, are devoted to me, and, when, at Nancy, urged me to seize on Malseigne.' Struck with such courage, his judges fixed their eyes on him with astonishment, and Maillard gave the signal of pardon. Immediately the cries of 'Live the nation!' resounded from all parts. All hastened to em-

brace him; and two of the by-standers, enclosing him in their arms, led him safe and sound through the hedge of swords and pikes which a few minutes before menaced his life. M. de Journiac offered them money, but they refused it, and only asked permission to embrace him. Another prisoner, saved in the same manner, was conducted to his house with similar enthusiasm. The executioners, all covered with blood, begged to be permitted to witness the joy of his family, and immediately after returned to the carnage. In such a state of over-wrought excitement, the mind is keenly alive to all the emotions and instincts of its nature; they succeed each other rapidly and convulsively, alternately melting and firing the soul, and hurrying those who have resigned themselves to their unrestrained sway from one extreme to the other with wild caprice; the passions, which seemed one moment quenched in tears, rise the next in flame; the whole man is subject to delirious changes, and he weeps and assassinates, with the same heartfelt sincerity, in the short space of a few minutes. Whilst wading in blood, he is arrested by admiration of courage or devotion; he is sensible of the honour of appearing just, and vain of the semblance of disinterestedness. The events of the deplorable period which we are now narrating afford many instances of these striking contrarieties; and among this number must be recorded the circumstance of the robbers and murderers of this night depositing the jewels found on some of the prisoners with the committee of the abbey.

"But the massacre of the captives was not confined to one prison. The gang, having set their tools to work at the abbey, detached parties to follow their example, at the Chatelet, the Conciergerie, the Bernadine Salpêtrière, and the Bicêtre prisons, all of which were surrounded with mangled carcasses and streams of blood. When the morning dawned upon the havoc of this frightful night, the spectacle it presented to the broad glare of day was as sickening as it was horrifying. Billaud-Varrennes repaired early to the abbey, where, the evening before, he had encouraged his *workmen*, as he termed them. He now again addressed them. 'My friends,' said he, 'in slaughtering these wretches you have saved your country. France owes you an eternal debt of gratitude, and the municipality is at a loss how to acknowledge your merit. It however offers you twenty-four livres a-piece, and you will be paid immediately.' These words excited shouts of applause, and



those to whom they were addressed followed Billaud-Varrennes into the committee, to receive the payment which he had promised them. But here a difficulty arose. 'Where shall we find the funds,' said the president to Billaud, 'to pay this debt?' Billaud replied by again eulogizing the massacres, and declared that the minister of the interior ought to have money to be expressly devoted to this purpose. The crowd then immediately hastened to the house of Roland, but he sent them back with indignation, and refused to listen to their demands. The assassins, thus disappointed, returned to the committee, and threatened its members with instant death if they were not immediately paid the wages of their crimes; every one, therefore, was obliged to contribute from his private pocket, and they at last departed satisfied. The commune afterwards repaid these contributors; and several other sums, dedicated to the same purposes, may be seen entered in the account-books: 1,463 francs were paid to the executioners up to the date of the 4th of September." — *Thiers' and Bodin's History of the French Revolution.*

#### LORD COCHRANE.

IN detailing the actions of single or detached ships, those of the *Pallas* or the *Imperieuse*, commanded by that distinguished and promising officer, Lord Cochrane, stand pre-eminent. The career of this young nobleman had been marked by a series of actions, useful to his country, and honourable to himself. Their value was always greatly enhanced by the skill and judgment with which they were executed; the effect of this was particularly observable on reference to his lists of killed and wounded. No officer ever attempted or succeeded in more arduous enterprises with so little loss. In his attacks on the enemy, the character of *vigilans et audax* was entirely his. Before he fired a shot, he reconnoitred in person, took soundings and bearings, passed whole nights in his boats under the enemy's batteries—his lead-line and spy-glass incessantly at work. Another fixed principle with this officer was, never to allow his boats to be unprotected by his ship, if it were possible to lay her within reach of the object of attack. With the wind on shore, he would veer one of his boats in by a bass-halser (an Indian rope, made of grass, which is so light as to float on the surface of the water): by this means he established a communication with the ship, and, in case of a reverse or check, the boats were hove

off by the capstan, while the people in them had only to attend to the use of their weapons.

At the breaking out of the Spanish war, in 1805, his lordship was appointed to the *Pallas*, a new frigate of thirty-two guns, which he fitted for sea, and manned with a celerity peculiar to himself, at a time when seamen for other ships could rarely be procured. Having got off the Western Islands, he soon returned to Plymouth with prizes to an enormous amount.

In April, 1806, Lord Cochrane was stationed in the Bay of Biscay, under the orders of Vice-Admiral Thornborough. Off the Gironde he obtained information of an enemy's corvette being in the mouth of that river: after dark, on the evening of the 5th of April, he anchored his ship close to the Cordouan lighthouse; and, sending his boats in, they boarded the vessel, and brought her out, although she lay twenty miles above the intricate shoals, and within two heavy batteries. This enterprise was conducted by Lieutenant Haswell, of the *Pallas*: daylight and the tide of flood found this gallant officer and his prize still within the probability of recapture. Another French corvette weighed, pursued, and brought her out to action, but was defeated, and only saved from capture by the rapidity of the tide. The prize which had been so nobly acquired, and so bravely defended, was called *La Tapageuse*; mounted fourteen long twelve-pounders, and had ninety-five men.

While the officers and a part of the ship's company of the *Pallas* were away on this duty, Lord Cochrane perceived three vessels approaching him. He weighed, chased, and drove them all on shore, and, with the injury of only three men wounded, furnished to the admiral the following surprising result of this enterprise:—

#### VESSELS TAKEN.

*La Tapageuse*... 14 guns, 95 men.  
*La Pomone* (a merchant brig).  
 Another ditto (burnt).  
 And two chasse-marees.

#### VESSELS WRECKED.

*La Malicieuse*..... 16 guns.  
*Imperial*..... 24 guns.  
*Imperial* (also), a ship of 22 guns.  
 And a chasse-marée.

(*Brenton's Naval History.*)

#### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### THE WONDERS OF THE AGE.

A FEW days ago the *Enterprise*, steam-vessel, left the River Thames for India!

This fact suggests some curious reflections on the changes effected by that great revolutionist—Time. It is not 40 years since the first successful attempts were made to obtain a rotatory action from the alternate elevation and depression of the beams of steam engines, then called *fire engines*. Only three years before that, the first engineer of the time declared such an effort to be impossible. He added, that no dependence could be placed on those engines for regular action, on account of their liability to sudden and frequent stoppages, which in the then state of science, could not be prevented; and now this power is relied upon to conduct a vessel, in less than three months to the mouth of the Ganges!

This change in mechanical science, however, is not more striking (indeed rather less so) than the moral and political revolutions of the present day. That lively writer, Mrs. Graham, in her "*Journal of a residence in Chile*," presents us with the following remarkable observation:—"What in Addison's time would have been romance, is now every day matter of fact. I was in the Mahratta capital, while it was protected by an English force. I have attended a Protestant Church, in the *Piazza di Trajano*, at Rome. I sat as a spectator in an English Court of Justice at Malta—and what wonder, that I should now listen to the free deliberations of a National Representative Meeting in a Spanish Colony?" Looking back to the time of the Spectator, we may easily figure to ourselves the surprise, or rather the pity, with which old Sir Roger de Coverley, would have listened to a crazed politician (so the worthy Knight would have deemed him) who should have foretold all those events. Sir Roger may be supposed to have heard of the *Great Mogul*; but, what must he have thought, to be told that this mighty Sovereign would be dethroned and kept in durance by the Mahratta Freebooters, till in his old age he should be liberated by an army raised and directed by orders from *Leadenhall Street*—that King George III. should number sixteen times as many subjects in Asia, as Queen Anne had in England; or that a Bishop of our Church should exercise his functions in person over territories to which Alexander the Great in vain attempted to penetrate? Still more would he have been puzzled to hear of millions of money sent from the City of London to the region of gold and silver mines in Mexico and Peru—or to be told that the country of the Mohawk Savages (whom he contemplated with astonishment on their visit to London) should become the seat of a powerful and

civilised Republic, spreading from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi—that the *Grand Monarque* should reside for several years in Buckinghamshire—that a Corsican Notary's son should become the Despot of the European Continent—and that a second Marlborough, more glorious than the first, should plant the British standard in Paris. Equally incredible must he have deemed it, that despatches should be communicated in 15 minutes from London to Portsmouth; or that inflammable air should flow like water through the streets of the Metropolis, furnishing us every night with a brilliant illumination.—*New Times*.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Holton*.

### EPIGRAM ON THE WEDDING-RING.

THIS precious emblem well doth represent  
That evenness that crowns us with content,  
Which, when it wanting is, the sacred yoke  
Becomes uneasy, and with ease is broke.

AT a small village, four miles west of the metropolis, on the window-shutters of an apothecary's shop are written,  
"Stick no bills."  
To which some wag has added underneath,  
"Take no pills."

### PHILOSOPHICAL EPIGRAM.

SAYS the *Earth* to the *Moon*, "you're a pilfering jade,  
What you've stole from the *Sun* is beyond all belief."  
Fair Cynthia replies, "Madam Earth, hold your prate,  
The receiver is always as bad as the thief." B. M.

### EPIGRAM.

(For the Mirror.)

It is said that to love,  
And be lov'd in return,  
Is a bliss that no wise  
Man or woman should spurn.  
But what nonsense is this,  
Since each lover we find  
Either mopeish and sad,  
Or distracted in mind.

H.

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